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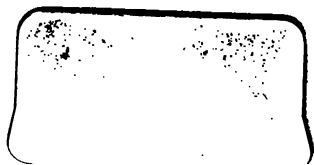
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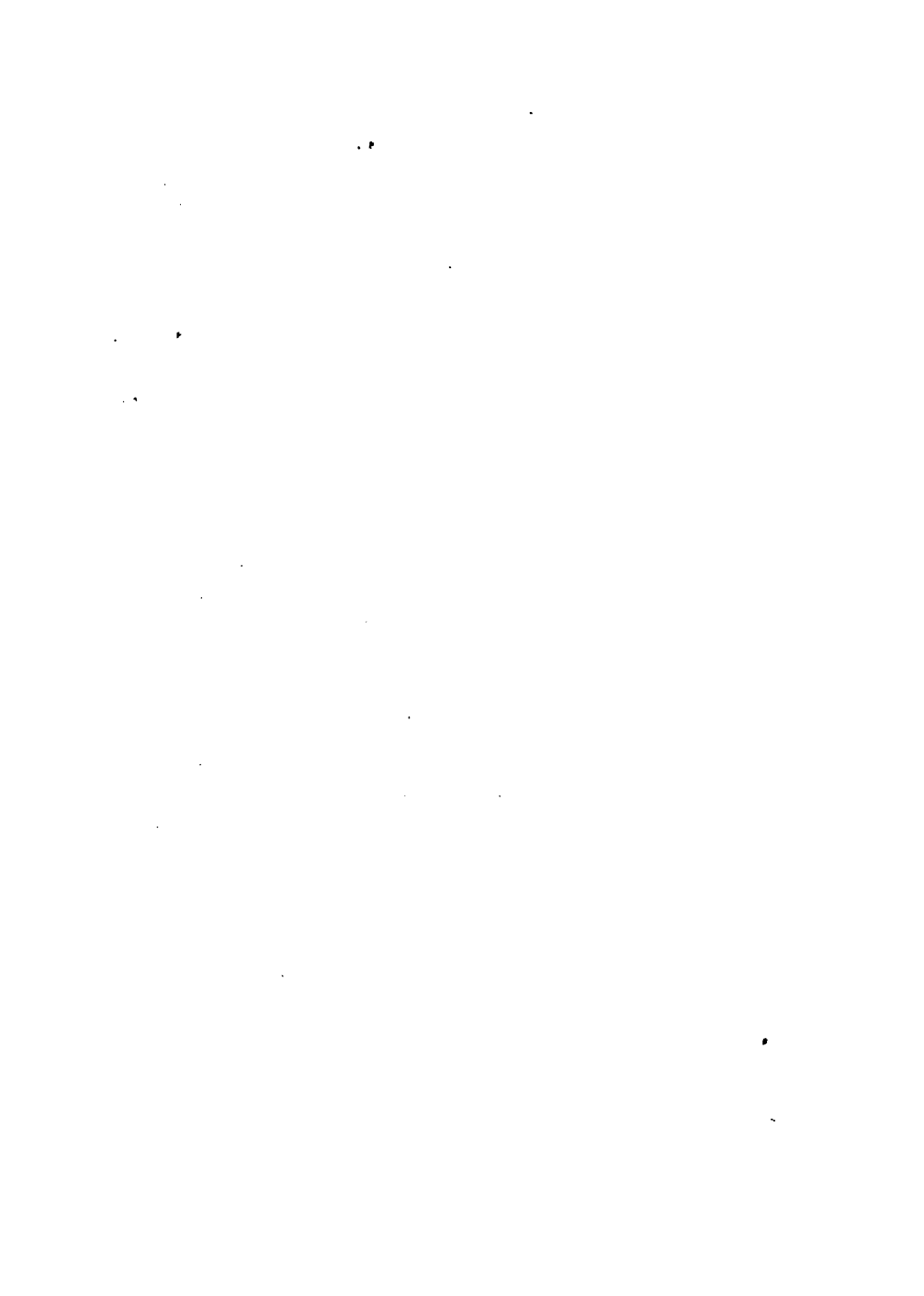
M. E. TOWNSEND





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SO TIRED

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

M. E. TOWNSEND

(M. E. T.)

AUTHOR OF "LITANIES," AND CONTRIBUTOR TO "VOICES OF COMFORT"



RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

MDCCLXXXII

280 . 0 . 794

TO

C. M. H.,

MY EARLIEST FRIEND,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

SOME of these verses are already familiar to readers of "Voices of Comfort." Some have appeared at different times in other publications, and some few have been hitherto unpublished.

The little collection is sent forth in its present form in the hope that it may sometimes speak a word in season to those that are weary with that weariness which must come to all, whether in the loneliness of sickness and sorrow, or out on the darkening battle-field of life, or even in the full sunlight of earthly happiness—weariness for which there is no rest save in the unchanging Love of Him "Whose Will is our peace."

M. E. T.

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So Tired.

SO tired : I fain would rest ;
But, Lord, Thou knowest best,
I wait on Thee.
I will toil on from day to day
Bearing my Cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.

So tired : my friends are gone
And I am left alone,
And days are sad.
Lord Jesus, *Thou* wilt bear my load
Along this steep and dreary road,
And make me glad.

So tired : my heart is low,
Shadows of coming woe
Around me fall.

And memories of sins long wept,
And hopes denied that long have slept,
Arise and call.

So tired : yet I would work
For Thee !—Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me ?
Small things—which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see ?

So tired : yet I might reach
A flower, to cheer and teach
Some sadder heart ;
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring,
Ere I depart.

So tired : yet it were sweet
Some faltering tender feet
To help and guide.
Thy little ones, whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
Nor roughly chide.

So tired : Lord, Thou wilt come
To take me to my home,
 So long desired.
Only Thy grace and mercy send,
That I may serve Thee to the end,
 Though I am tired.

Sleep, sleep, my heart ?

CHRISTMAS CHIMES HEARD ABROAD.

SLEEP, sleep, my heart !
Sleep, and waken not.
Christmas bells are chiming, chiming sad and
sweet :
Heed them not.
Memories of home
Now would thronging come,
Now would weeping come :
Wake them not.

Sleep, sleep, my heart !
Sleep, and waken not.
Though the bells are ringing, ringing glad and
sweet,
Hearken not.

Home's sweet joys and cares,
All its hopes and fears,
All its dreams and tears
Best forgot.

.
Wake, wake, my heart !
Wake, and slumber not.
Heavenly voices calling, calling low and sweet,
Bid thee watch.
Thy true home is near,
Through the starlight clear
Soon may Christ appear—
Wait and watch.

Wake, wake, my heart !
Wake, and slumber not.
Angel choirs are singing, singing glad and sweet,
Of thy home ;
Where with rapture filled,
All thy trembling stilled,
All thy dreams fulfilled,
Thou shalt come.

The Room was full of Angels.

THE room was full of angels,
And she wondered we could not see,
That we could not see their shining wings
As they floated noiselessly
Around her bed.

The room was full of music,
Beautiful music—she said,
And she wondered we could not hear
How the holy strains were stealing,
How the happy songs were pealing,
All through the hush and gloom
Of the silent room.

.
And just before the dawning,
When the darkness of night was o'er,

And the night of her suffering life
Was ended for evermore,
In the grey of Ascension morn
The angels came again,
And tenderly they bore her
For whom they had waited long—
Watched and waited in heaven,
Knowing that even here
She was learning their blessed song.
So in the grey of morning
They bore her soul away
Beyond the prison bars,
Beyond the fading stars,
To the brightness of the day.

Some Day ?

WE wait for happiness through days and
 nights
Of waking dreams, sweet hopes, and trembling
 fears ;
The vision floats before us evermore,
And still within our yearning hearts we cry,
 Some day ! some day !

We wait for grief through years of brightest
 joy,
Of hopes fulfilled beyond our highest hope ;
While still a shadow haunts our inmost hearts,
And voices seem to whisper low and sad,
 Some day ! some day !

We wait for heaven's joy through sun and
 shade,
Chequering with ceaseless change our earthly
 path ;

By all, however pure, unsatisfied,
These trembling souls of ours are echoing still,
Some day ! some day !

Some day the love which is too much to bear
On earth, and oftentimes would fail and sink
Beneath its own sweet weight, both sweet and
sad,
Shall lose itself in that Eternal Love,
Where only human hearts may find their home,
Some day ! some day !

Dead Love.

DEAD love ! dead friendship !
Lord, what voice can wake
These from their grave ?
All nature may arise, but can it be
That these shall live again, tho' buried now,
So still and deep ?

Dead love ! dead friendship !
Ah ! what bitter dreams
Do haunt their rest.
Glad memories to sadness turned, fair words
To stings, and trust confiding into doubt
Of human truth !

And yet it may be, on some far-off shore,
That Thou, O Christ, our One and perfect
Friend
In this dim world,

Wilt bring again these treasures of the earth
And raise them to a higher life in Thee
Who changest not.

So when the veil is lifted from our hearts
In the fair clearness of that unknown land
To which we haste,
We shall behold each other in the Light
That maketh old things new, and dark things
plain,
And bitter sweet !

The Prophet's Guard.

"They that be with us are more than they that be with them."
—2 KINGS vi. 16.

RAPT in prayer and heav'nly vision
Knelt the Prophet of the Lord,
Compass'd round by thousand foemen,
Threatened by the Syrian sword.

Little reck'd he of the armies
Of that mighty heathen king,
For he knew the hosts of heaven
On the mount were gathering:—

Knew that God, the King of angels,
To His servants' aid below
Had sent down His shining legions,
Far outnumbering the foe.

Saw, perchance, one form of glory,
Watching nearer than the rest :
That dear Master who but lately
All his care and love possest.

And what time his faithful servant,
Trembling for his master's life,
Came at dawn with lamentations,
O'er the dread unequal strife,

Then to him the boon was granted,
Granted through Elisha's prayer,
That he saw the hosts of glory,
Gathered round the prophet there.

.

Lord, our foes are ever round us,
Satan's banner high unfurled,
Thousand enemies about us,
In the darkness of this world.

Every day the struggle meets us,
Still our foes are closing round ;

Friends draw nigh, but cannot help us,
Even when most faithful found.

Open Thou our eyes, O Father,
To behold Thy glorious host—
See by faith Thy mighty angels,
See by faith our loved and lost,

See how still they watch around us,
Gleaming from Thy holy hill,
Guarding, beckoning us to follow,
Rousing all our languid will ;

Strengthening us to fight for Jesus,
And His glorious cause below,
Brightening all the paths of darkness
With a pure and living glow.

Lonely we may walk, uncared for
In the crowded ways of life,—
Seeming, like God's faithful seer,
Victims of a hopeless strife.

But by that bright "cloud" surrounded,
We can never be alone ;
In that high communion finding
Comfort evermore our own.

And the eyes of others, haply,
May be opened at our prayer,
To behold that world of brightness,
And to love that vision fair.

If but *one* of God's dear children
May through us fresh courage gain,
And be nearer drawn to heaven,
We shall not have lived in vain.

Recompensed.

SEE, thou hast passed life's spring !
Its first unconscious joy,
Its gold without alloy,
These thou hast lost ;
But in their place thy God doth bring
A dearer, brighter treasure still,
To hearts that know and love His Will,
Even His peace !

Youth's visions all are fled !
Thy proud imaginings,
Thy hopes of earthly things,
Withered and gone.
Now, thou art well content instead
To live in other lives, to share
The burden of some secret care
And dream of heaven !

Thy health is gone ! and pain
And weary hours have traced
Lines that can never be effaced
From cheek and brow.
Yet weep not, see what thou dost gain :
For every pang, God gives to thee
Fresh love and deeper sympathy
In other's woes.

Yes ! thou hast lost thy home ;
Its joys all passed away,
Its memory day by day
Fading from thee.
Yet fear not ; thou shalt find a home,
Like Him who walked this earth alone,
And knew no home, save only one,
In hearts that weep.

**To a Picture of the Virgin and Child
by Sassoferrato.**

PAINTER! who with reverent hand hast
traced
The holiest scene that mortals e'er beheld
Upon this clay-cold earth,
It seems as if thy spirit had embraced
Its saving truth, as they who wrote of eld
The story of Christ's birth.

Thou sleepest, Holy One! in her fond arms
To whom, though human, that blest name was
given,
The Mother of the Lord.
So calm Thy brow—Thou seem'st from earth's
alarms
So far away—as if in Thine own Heaven,
Within the light of God.

She droops above Thee, with a silent awe
Her pure, calm, tender face looks down on Thee
 With holy reverence ;
She can but gaze and worship and adore,
And scarce she dares to lay a touch on Thee
 In Thy pure innocence.

Thou sleepest on her breast, yet one small hand
Is laid on hers, as if thou wouldst defend
 Her human feebleness.
Thou seem'st to bless her with that infant hand
For all her love, as she o'er Thee doth bend
 In watchful tenderness.

Thou sleepest, Holy One ! and all around
Bright cherub faces on Thy slumbers wait,
 Full of strange ecstasy
And glad amaze, that *Thou* shouldst thus be
 found,
Thou, Lord of all, taking on Thee the state
 Of human infancy.

The Bruised Reed.

ISAIAH xlii. 3.

THOU wilt not break the bruised reed !
The poor sad hearts that wander through
the world,
Despised of all, but most by their own selves,
Thou, Lord, dost love them, wouldst bind up
their wounds,
And bring sweet music from their fading life.
But as for us, we pass them by in scorn,
Say they are weak and useless to their kind,
Without a voice or work in this great world,
No pow'r to strive, no strength or hope to will,
Tossed by the tempest, bending in the storm,
And swayed by every wind of circumstance.

Lord, these were not Thy thoughts when Thou
didst walk

On earth, and still from heaven Thou watchest
o'er

Thine own. Thou didst create the stately oak
And also the low reed, and Thou dost love
The full rejoicing chorus that ascends
From leaves and branches of the mighty tree—
Rejoicing not alone in its own strength,
But drawing to it all the songs of birds
And hum of insects, and the thousand notes
Of happy nature—yet not less Thou lov'st
The low, sad note that echoes trembling forth
From the frail reed, Thou, Lord, dost hearken,
though

'Tis but a sigh! . . .

Thou wouldst not have all voices tuned alike
In that great harmony which evermore
Rises about Thy Throne. But we, alas!
We know not yet the mystery of that song,
Nor how the lowly-voiced do fill their parts.

Lord, blessed Master, make us more like Thee,
O fill us with a wider charity,

A deep, strong, tender love like Thine,
So tender, just because it is so strong,
So deep, untiring, never giving up
Hope for Thy creatures, never casting off
Even the meanest. Teach us still like Thee
To hate all sin and yet to love with such
An endless yearning love the souls that sin.
Give us the instinct of true sympathy,
Divining, though we cannot read like Thee,
What storms of life have passed o'er breaking
 hearts,
What secret wearing griefs have weighed them
 down,
What battles they have fought and won where
 we
Perchance had yielded, in the fierce, hot strife.

O send us, Lord, as Thou Thyself wast sent,
To heal the broken-hearted and to bind
The bruised reed ; to breathe a living strength
Into all tired hearts and fainting souls
And bid them rest their weariness in Thee.

The Vineyard.

“ These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, who have borne the burden and heat of the day.”—MATTHEW xx. 12.

ONE hour! ah, friends, ye cannot tell
How long that hour hath been!
But as for us, we know it well—
Know all its anguish keen.

Ye cannot guess what bitter tears
In that sad hour were shed;
Ye know not of its griefs and fears,
Its overwhelming dread.

Ye know not how each former thought,
Each haunting dream of sin,
Against us every moment wrought
In bitter strife within.

Ye saw not how with trembling hands
And eager haste we toiled,
Yearning to do our Lord's commands,
Yet fearing to be foiled.

Ah, friends! no right or claim have we,
Our gifts are stained and dim ;
Such as they are, on bended knee,
We bring them unto Him,

To Him who still would take us home,
Though late our love, and cold ;
Then grudge not, brethren, that we come,
Though late, to His dear fold.

And blame not ye our loving Lord,
Who gives to all the same ;
Who gives to us His great reward,
Although we have no claim.

Equal to you we cannot be
Who've served your Lord so long ;
But, O ! thrice happy, happy ye
Whom He hath loved so long.

Though ye have borne, and nobly borne,
The burden of the day ;
Though often ye were faint and worn
Beneath the burning ray.

Yet think how sweetly through the strife
The Master bore His part.
His smile the brightness of your life,
The music of your heart.

And now we only ask to serve,
We do not ask for rest ;
We would give all without reserve,
Our life, our love, our best.

We only ask to see His face,
It is enough for us ;
We only ask the lowest place,
So He may smile on us.

The Pilgrims' Song.

Written for a German Chant.

LORD JESUS, to Thee
We are wandering on,
O keep Thou our feet,
Till heaven be won.

The way is oft steep
And we long sore for rest,
But Thou, loving Lord,
Thou knowest the best.

We'll not fear the storms,
They are all in Thy Hand ;
We'll not dread the thorns,
We're a pilgrim band.

We're a pilgrim band,
As we walk, we sing,
We thank Thee for all,
Our God and our King.

We thank Thee, dear Lord,
For the sunshine fair,
For flowers that smile
By the wayside bare.

We thank Thee for toil
And the weary night,
That makes Thy great love
Only shine more bright.

We thank Thee still more
For the coming dawn,
For that tender hope
Of a holy morn,

When we who are now
Thy pilgrim band,
Shall kneel at Thy feet,
In the mountain land.

Dreamland's flowers.

DREAMLAND'S flowers! dreamland's
flowers!

Ah, how fair they grow!
Nought can fade them, nought can touch them,
Neither sun nor snow.

Dreamland's flowers! dreamland's flowers!
Ah, how sweet they blow!
Blooming in the shadow-country,
Land that none may know.

Dreamland's flowers! dreamland's flowers!
Bright with dewy sleep:
With closed eyes we mortals see them—
Eyes that fain would weep.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Calm their rest and deep ;
But their tender fragrance ever
Haunts our waking sleep.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
Still they lure us on ;
And their fairy forms still whisper
Tales of visions gone.

Dreamland's flowers ! dreamland's flowers !
We who dream alone,
Soon shall wake to light unfading,
When earth's sleep is done.

Remember ?

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things."—ST. LUKE xvi. 25.

"I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in."—ST. MATTHEW xxv. 43.

YE have hedged yourselves in with sunshine,
And the wail of a human woe
Cannot pierce through the dazzling barrier,
As it wandereth to and fro.

Ye have hedged yourselves in with sunshine,
And the weary, troubled souls
Would fear to draw nigh from the darkness
That around them for ever rolls.

Ye have hedged yourselves in with sunshine,
And ye shrink from the sight of sin,
Ye could not seek for the lost one
Whom the Shepherd died to win.

Ye have learned to laugh with the joyous,
And ye love the merry and glad ;
But ye cannot see through the brightness
Where the shadows lie deep and sad.

And if now, as a toilworn stranger,
The Master perchance should come,
Would ye bid Him with joy to enter
And abide in your sunny home ?

Would ye kneel at His feet, confessing
That ye loved Him first and best ?
Would ye bear the scorn of the worldling
As ye tended the weary Guest ?

Ah, no ! ye would hear in the distance
His steps, as they wandered away,
And say, as ye turned to your comrades :
“ He will pass here again, some day.”

Ah, yes ! He is certainly coming !
He will come as the King of Kings ;
But ye will have *had* your sunshine
And your good but perishing things.

And they who have watched through
the darkness

And the shadows of night, awhile,
Shall find the light of their longing
In the dawn of the Master's smile.

A Lover's Offering.

I LAVISHED my love upon her, I laid it
down at her feet,

Alas! I could not but love her, she seemed so
fair and sweet.

And once she cared for my loving, but now that
has passed away,

Her speech and her silence are cruel, and I—
I have said my say.

I lay down my love before her, I lay it down
at her feet,

Some day when she needs a flower, perchance
she may find it sweet.

The fragrance of love is unfading, you may
bruise it as much as you will,

But the scent will remain for ever, for the life
is in it still.

And I know that my love must bless her, for I
kneel, as it lies at her feet,
To pray that the Lord would shield her, and
keep her both fair and sweet :
For the heart from whence it was lavished was
offered long since to Him
Whose love is eternal and changeless, though
other loves grow dim.

Some day when the veil shall be lifted, that
hides us still from our Lord,
When He healeth the stroke of the wounded,
by the might of His kingly word—
Ah ! then she will gather my flower, she will
know it is fair and sweet,
And our hearts shall rejoice together, in the
land where we both shall meet.

A Christmas Carol.

CHRISTMAS night ! Holiest night !
Now the skies are glittering bright ;
Like a star come down from heaven
Christ to human hopes is given.

Christmas night ! Stillest night !
Angel wings are gleaming white ;
Now to bless each earthly home,
Christ the Lord of peace is come.

Christmas night ! Happiest night !
Earth is filled with heavenly light ;
Jesus now to lowly hearts,
Joy and rest and love imparts.

Christmas night ! Holiest night !
Kneeling in Thy blessèd sight,
Lord, before Thy manger-throne—
Make us evermore Thine own.

Wait on the Lord.

WAIT on the Lord, for what He hath to
give,

O restless heart ;
He knows the sorrows that beset thy way,
He knows thy fretful weariness to-day,
O fainting heart !

When thou hast stilled thyself to rest in Him,
O throbbing heart ;
When thou hast learned to love Him first and
chief,
To love Him even better for Thy grief,
O weeping heart !

Then will He grant thee all thy heart's desire,
O longing heart ;
Sunlight of joy may even here be given
If so He will—if not, sunrise in heaven,
O waiting heart !

“Jesu, Lord, Thy Love impart.”

From the German.

JESU, Lord, Thy love impart,
Holy Jesu ;
Thou, my rock, my refuge art,
Holy Jesu ;
Thou the joy of all my heart,
Holy Jesu,
Jesu, Holy Jesu !

Evermore I think of Thee,
My Redeemer ;
Still desiring only Thee,
My Redeemer ;
Yearning still with Thee to be,
My Redeemer,
Jesu, my Redeemer !

Feed me, in Thy mercy feed,
Bread of heaven ;
Fold me in Thy quiet mead,
Safe at even ;
Rest in Thee is rest indeed,
Peaceful haven,
Jesu, peaceful haven !

Love can never equal Thine,
Loving Jesu ;
Friendship—none so true as Thine,
Faithful Jesu ;
Sweetness—none so sweet as Thine,
Blessèd Jesu,
Jesu, blessèd Jesu !

When I faint, O quicken me,
My Lifegiver ;
When I fail, O strengthen me,
My Restorer ;
When I die, O comfort me,
My Consoler,
Jesu, my Consoler !

Thy Grave.

From the German.

SLEEP well, sleep well in thy cool bed !
Thy tired limbs, they cannot feel
The sand and flints that are so hard.
Sleep soft and well !

Heavy thy coverlid and thick !
The earth is heaped upon thy heart ;
Yet sleep in peace, it hurts thee not.
Sleep soft and well !

“ God keep thee ! ”—Ah ! thou hearest not,
Nor wakest for my yearning cries ;
Would it be better couldst thou hear ?
Nay ! surely nay !

Dear heart ! with thee 'tis well, 'tis well !
And if I could but be with thee,
Ah ! then it would be well with me—
I could endure.

Thou sleepest, and thou canst not hear
The murm'ring in the old church tower ;
Nor when the watchman calleth twelve,
In the still night.

And when it lightens in the sky,
And crash on crash the thunder rolls—
The storm drives wildly o'er thy grave
And wakes thee not.

And all the things that troubled thee,
From early dawn to midnight deep,
Thank God ! they trouble thee no more,
In thy still grave.

'Tis well with thee ! Oh, it is well !
And all that wounded thee so sore,
Thank God ! it hurts thee now no more,
In thy cool bed.

If I could only be with thee,
Ah ! then with me it would be well ;
But now I wait, and find no balm
For my deep pain.

But when God wills, the day shall come,
The day of rest shall come for me,
And they will make my bed at last,
By thy dear side.

And I shall lie as still as thou,
And they will sing my lullaby,
And heap the earth upon my heart,
And say, " Farewell ! "

And I shall sleep as soft as thou,
Nor hear the murm'ring in the tower ;
I shall not wake till Sunday's dawn
Shall bring the dew.

And when that Sunday's dawn shall come,
And angels sing their matin song,
Then we shall both together rise,
Refreshed and whole.

And a new Church will glisten there,
Bathed in the rosy morning light,
And we shall enter in and sing
The praise of God.





